

Hats

by Slytherin Buttercat

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Albus S. P., Rose W., Scorpius M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-08 22:20:49

Updated: 2016-04-08 22:20:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:39:16

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 883

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Albus Potter thought that he loved him ever since they bumped into each other on the train, despite the fact he knocked off his fedora. What Albus didn't realise was what his heart would go through... Written for 3cheersforidiots

Hats

****Words; 831****

****Written for 3cheersforidiots for the April monthly oneshots challenge****

****Pairing; Albus Potter and Scorpius Malfoy****

****Genre: Romance/maybe angst****

****Prompts; (object) bandana, (word) drape****

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><p>Albus thought that he loved him since the day they met. He had been walking down the train with his favourite cousin Rose, trying to find a compartment so he could rest his legs. Most people, when they spotted him, asked for his autograph, or wondered how his parents were doing. Sometimes he was asked whether or not he could 'please make me a meeting with the Holyhead Harpies Seeker'.<p>

He was different. When they bumped into him- quite literally- in the train corridor, no questions were asked about his parents well-being or his aunt's work in the Ministry. Instead, the boy just rolled his eyes as Albus crouched to pick up his fedora, the latest hat to his collection; if Muggles could wear hats like that, he could too, and his father was powerful enough to allow him the joy of wearing his treasures. "Careful where you walk next time," he declared, before pushing past them.

"That was Scorpius Malfoy," Rose stated, her voice lacking the venom her father would have wanted. "He was nicer than I thought he would be. Dad told me I should avoid him, but I don't think I will. How about you, Al?"

He made a noncommittal noise, glancing at where the boy had been. Wondering whether or not the blond wizard would like to be his friend, Albus followed his cousin to a compartment containing the Potter-Weasley clan, glad that his family barely noticed his lack of attention to whatever they were actually talking about.

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December of their second year was the time of the red hats that the Muggle present-giver Santa wore. Complete with a white ball of fluff, they were an asset to his hat collection. Most of the boys in his dorm thought he was weird, but he knew that he was just quirky in some aspects.

He was different. He didn't believe that Albus was weird, or idiotic. Instead, he just rolled his perfect grey eyes whenever the younger Potter brother displayed one of his more questionable quirks. They were not friends, unfortunately, but they weren't enemies either. They treated each other with varying degrees of respect, although Albus was slightly jealous that Scorpius preferred his cousin.

At least Rose was going home from Christmas, and the young Malfoy wasn't. Albus could just admire the boy in peace...

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Around the time of exams of the third year was when everyone else got distracted by his tall top-hat. It was a bright blue, the colours of his house. However, Albus Potter was more distracted by the perfect blond hair of the Malfoy scion, and the icy gaze of his silver eyes...

Albus was so distracted he got an E in one of his lessons! Not that one E would hurt his perfect O's, but it still hurts his pride...

He was so definitely infatuated with the Malfoy heir...

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Fourth year was the year they became friends. Albus loved knowing little facts about the pureblood; his mother was a vegetarian, for example, and his father may have like his father at one point. There was something so captivating about his voice, something so special, that his world was lost when he was talking.

He barely registered that he wore a beanie through that month.

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Fifth year was the year his happiness reached its capacity. The Raven had been to Hogsmeade with Scorpius twice, and it felt like he was flying on broomstick nine, or something like that. The stuck-up-

everyone else's opinion, not his- pureblood had taken to wearing whatever hat the half-blood liked at the moment, like the fez he was wearing, sitting opposite to the blond in The Three Broomsticks, sipping butterbeer idly.

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Betrayal. Complete and utter betrayal.

Albus felt numb. He thought- he hoped- that Scorpius liked him back. The wizard had been showing signs, after all. He could remember the day...

They faced each other in the common room, Albus gazing at Scorpius with, what he hoped was, disguised love. The blond smiled lightly, before softly saying, "Al?"

The warning Bells should have sounded then. He never spoke in a soft tone.

"Yea?"

The Malfoy scion seemed taken aback. Almost unconsciously, he brushed aside the bandana that was draped across his eyes. "I have something to tell you."

Albus gulped. Was this the moment of his daydreams? "Rose and I have been dating for a few weeks."

Apparently it was the moment of his nightmares. He blinked, twice, trying to hold back tears. "I'm sorry."

"So am I," Albus replied coldly, before storming away.

They hadn't talked since.

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Seventh year was the year he stopped wearing hats. He was numb, and everywhere he went, he was reminded of the 'happy couple'. His aunt and practically his whole family was planning the wedding. He was just preparing for the moment his old friend proposed to his cousin, the moment his heart would shatter more.

* * *

><p>I apologise if this wasn't what you were expecting. It isn't the best, but I tried, and that's all that matters, right?

~Buttercat

End
file.